

BADLY HIPPED.

It is hardly a compliment to say that anyone is "hipped," but anyone is pretty badly hipped who suffers with sciatica. It is in the hip that the excruciating pain takes hold and tortures. It is just there where St. Jacobs Oil, with its soothing penetration, has done some of its most remarkable work of cure. Those who suffer this, therefore, need not despair of cure when this great remedy for pain can be had so readily, and as it is known as a sure cure, be sure to get it and insure speedy and perfect riddance of the intense misery. There are cases of confirmed, crippling sciatica from this remedy which this great remedy has effectively cured and restored the sufferer to a sound condition.

Unless he should change his mind in the meantime President-elect McKinley will call an extra session of Congress for Monday, March 15. This information was given to Congressmen-elect Sturdevant by McKinley in Canton a few days ago.

TO GET OUT OF THE WAY

When trouble is coming, it is obviously the part of common sense to get out of the way. It is a serious obstacle to health. To get this out of the way is an easy matter with the thorough, effective, Broderick's Stomach Bitters, which, although it affords relief, never grips and convulses like a drastic purgative. Dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, nervousness, and nervousness yield to this genial family medicine.

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Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters act as a mild cathartic, removing all impurities and thus purifying the blood. It is a sure cure for all ailments from the stomach and bowels, and cures constipation.

Malaria and Grip positively cured, also all other Malaria and Grip cases guaranteed a cure or no charge. Reasonable terms, call or write, confidential. DR. CRAIG & CO., Medical Institute, 1340 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

Beware of Mercury!

Mr. Henry Roth, of 1848 South 9th Street, St. Louis, was given the usual mercurial treatment for contagious blood poisoning. He was twice pronounced cured, but the disease returned each time, he was seized with rheumatic pains, and red lumps and sores covered his body. "I was in a horrible fix," he says, "and the more treatment I received, the worse I seemed to get. A New York specialist said he could cure me, but his treatment did me no good whatever. I was stiff and full of pains, my left arm was useless, so that I was unable to do even the lightest work. This was my condition when I began to take S. S. S., and a few bottles convinced me that I was being benefited. I continued the medicine, and one dozen bottles cured me sound and well. My system was under the effects of mercury, and I would soon have been a complete wreck but for S. S. S."

S. S. S., (guaranteed purely vegetable) is the only cure for real blood disease. It is the only curative treatment of the doctors always does more harm than good. Beware of mercury! Books on the disease and its treatment mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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CONSUMPTION

THE FAMILY STORY

HIS REVENGE.

H. M. S. RAVAGER had met with an accident. Steaming up channel during the night she had collided with a bark out from — and, though no one could quite tell how the mishap occurred, it was perfectly clear that the bark had gone down, and that the ram of the warship was in a damaged condition. H. M. S. Ravager was accordingly put into dry dock for repairs.

As very often happens at this place where the vessel was docked, convicts were at work upon the quays. They were a mixed lot; but, being good-conduct men, they all enjoyed a greater freedom of action in the discharge of their duties than is ordinarily extended to the enforced working guests of the nation. Yet, notwithstanding this unspoken testimony to their comparative worth, the commander of the Ravager was less disposed than usual to show respect to them. He was in a foreboding humor, for that little affair with the bark was not unlikely to interfere with his promotion. There would be an inquiry, of course, and what Christian ever could tell what confounded foolishness and injustice the "finding" might yield? He cursed the bark, and the ill-luck and the navigating lieutenant whom at one time he had left on the bridge, each with impartial fury; and put a double guard of marines ashore, with fixed bayonets and ball cartridge, and an emphatic instruction to "play the very devil with those jail-birds if they tried on any of their cursed nonsense."

The extra precaution was scarcely necessary. To do justice to these unwilling residents within the shadow of the broad arrow, they had no evil designs upon her Majesty's warship. Their hostility to an unappreciative country did not rise to quite so great a height as that. All the same, the commander might very easily have justified his course of action (had such been necessary) by the fact that many of the convicts were working only a few yards from the dock side and somewhat removed from the warder's immediate watchfulness; though it would have been possible to show on the other hand that, being men whose term of servitude was almost completed, these prisoners were perfectly reliable, inasmuch as they could not afford to commit any indiscretions calculated to jeopardize their expected early release on ticket-of-leave.

These considerations did not in any way concern the commander of H. M. S. Ravager, however. He was merely resolved to blow the convicts to the mischief, individually or collectively, if they tried on any tricks with his ship, and in the choice of quarters the English gave orders accordingly. One of the prisoners was working quite near to the docks, and almost in the track of one of the sentries from the Ravager. Though rather a refined person in appearance, the degradation of his position by no means overwhelmed him with melancholy or distress. It may have been the consciousness of innocence that enabled him to whistle softly an air which had served the street organs some seven years before and enabled him to view with unconcern the close proximity of his fellow-man. Perhaps he reflected that those aboard the Ravager were harder worked prisoners than himself and that he could afford them a trifle of pity.

He did not disdain, moreover, to take advantage of the situation in which he found himself; nor was his sensitiveness hurt by the silence of Tommy Atkins when he endeavored to engage that worthy in conversation. He was not discouraged by Tommy's dignity, and did not hesitate to try again when guard was changed late in the afternoon and Private Robert Smith commenced his monotonous sentry-go.

As it happened Private Smith was intensely interested and excited by the presence of the convicts. He had good reason to be, for he remembered with a vividness and horror that set him shuddering how near he had been some eight years before to just such a degradation as these men were enduring. He was a different personage altogether now—different even in name—to the slip of a boy who had thought it a distinction to be the boon companion of so clever and so dashing a man as Louis Vaudois. The service had made a man of him, had effected a complete change in his personal appearance; while the narrow escape from the conviction for forgery during the period of Vaudois' influence had so frightened him from wild ways that there was now no slender member of her Majesty's army who could be called Private Smith, sometimes known as Vanbrugh. But in one respect he did not alter. He remained staunch to a savage hatred against the man who had certainly brought ruin into his life, and by scoundrelly insinuating manners and methods had almost sent him into surroundings like unto those upon which he had gazed with such fascination ever since the Ravager had been floated into dock. It is true the charge against him at the Old Bailey had not been sustained through a defending counsel's clever manipulation of evidence imperfectly presented by the prosecution; but he hated Louis Vaudois no less passionately on that account, for he had but to recall those terrible hours spent before his judges—the miserable twistings, tellings, and haltings of the evidence, and, above all, the justness of the charge, to fill his heart with such fierce enmity as even now set his pulses leaping and boiling with the wildest desire for revenge.

A thrill of excitement went shivering down his spine for an instant traveled idly through his veins as he found himself ashore and pacing so closely to the convict who had made vain overtures to Private Atkins, and who was now softly humming a once favorite music hall ditty.

The man's back was turned toward Private Smith. To all appearances he was wholly engrossed by his work. And the soldier, though fascinated for a time, was gradually becoming accustomed to the other's presence when, as he passed the man for the twentieth time, a few words falling from the convict in a whispered undertone caused his heart to give one great startled bound and set all his nerves in a more painful quiver than ever. "Say, old chap—"

But Private Smith passed on mechanically, after faltering a moment under the shock. Every sense was on the alert with excitement as he turned and came back toward the convict, his heart beating so fast that he felt near to suffocation. He was waiting with every sense in his body listening for the man to speak again.

"A bit of tobacco, old chap, will you?" Again Private Smith passed on. This complaisant request almost caused him to burst into a loud hysterical laugh. It was so foolish to get into such a state of serious excitement over the presence of a ruffian whose only desire was a "bit of tobacco." And he continued upon his march with a steady and more confident tread.

But when, after again pacing forward, he once more came back towards his sentry-box, his mood was changed. A cloud was upon his face, and his brows were knit in a vain endeavor to recall some memory from the locked-up places within his mind. A repetition of the request had fallen upon his ears; but the ring of the man's voice was louder than it had been, and stirred Private Smith strangely. He stood in his box gazing upon the stooping convict and striving to remember where he had heard such a voice before. But he ransacked his mind in vain at last dismissing his effort to remember with a rueful reflection that perchance the fellow was some old college chum who had fallen upon evil days, or may be some old comrade in arms who had come to grief. He inclined most to the latter impression, and, himself knowing well the luxury of tobacco and the wretchedness of a solitary man without it, his sympathies went keenly out to the "poor devil" who, but for the interposition of a merciful Providence, might easily have been a felon-comrade with himself. Though well knowing also that he was running considerable risk by giving the precious weed to the convict, he resolved to give him just a little for the old acquaintance sake which the man's voice vaguely suggested.

It happened that he had in his pocket a cake of tobacco purchased for a trifle when the Ravager was on the West Indian station. This he cut in two pieces, and, as the convict approached, he was watching him furtively. When he resumed his limited parade he held one of these pieces in his left hand and, swerving so as to pass nearer to the man, he loosened his hold of it and it fell at the convict's feet.

The man clutched it at with almost savage swiftness, and Private Smith kept upon his way, congratulating himself on having done a kindly thing and on escaping detection.

But the sight of the tobacco and the odor of it excited the convict a furious covetousness. He had seen Private Smith return the second piece to his pocket, and he desired it with all the greed that was in his nature. That second piece he would have.

Private Smith was expecting a muttered word of thanks; but that was not what came when he once more strode past the recipient of his precious gift. The convict shifted his position, ever so slightly, yet sufficient to enable him to glance over his shoulder with an ugly scowl at the approaching soldier.

"That other piece," he demanded, fiercely, "or I'll split on you, by heaven!"

Private Smith saw his face clearly for the first time; and at the sight his heart stood still for an instant and then commenced beating at a madly furious and painful speed. A flash of intensest hatred ran through his blood, for there was no longer any mystery about the man's identity; and as he moved out of hearing of that now well-remembered voice he cursed himself for the most savage fury for the folly which had once more placed him in the power of Louis Vaudois.

His first belief was that, having recognized him, Louis Vaudois had done this thing with the mere desire to bring misfortune down upon him. When, however, he presently recalled how altered in personal appearance he had become since that day when last he had seen Louis Vaudois, and how altered in ways, the only thing he could attribute to his soul. So, he decided, the giving of the second piece would satisfy his once friend and enemy. He had nothing to fear or to lose beyond that. But he was reluctant to do this; it maddened him to think Vaudois, under even such conditions, was able to overreach and compel him to an act he would of his own will leave undone.

And yet there was apparently no other course before him than to accede to the ruffian's demands. He had arrived at this conclusion, and with a savage reluctance was preparing to submit to the inevitable when a thought flashed through his mind and set his pulses leaping with a sudden hope of retaliation. Would Louis Vaudois be fool enough to fall into the trap? That was the only question.

Swiftly he made his preparations, and then strode firmly—yet with pulses beating with an excitement stronger than before—once again toward the convict. As he advanced Vaudois' face was turned toward him with a ferocious threatening expression.

"Box—great coat—get the lot—smart!" Private Smith jerked out hoarsely as he passed.

He marched to the end of his parade, and there stood with his body only half-turned toward the sentry box. But out of the tail of his eye he saw Vaudois creep stealthily in the

A MEXICAN NEW WOMAN.

She is a Thoroughly Capable and Capable Railroad Station Agent.

There are many things of interest along the line of railroad between Puebla and Oaxaca, Mexico, but few attract the northern traveler more than the station agent at Etla. This is Concha Bianca, a young woman with honest brown eyes and a great mass of wavy black hair. Etla, her post of duty, is the place where the Indians flock from the mountains for 100 miles around for their annual feasts, and also the shipping point for the big haciendas in the fertile valleys among these same mountains. When the train stops at Etla in the dark, a young woman in white, for Senorita Concha dresses to match her surname, stands at the door of the express car, lantern in hand, checking the packages on the big receipt book. When the freight train stops, she fits in and out of the long line of cars, telling the brakemen what to take and what to leave. She goes from one end of the train to the other, seeing that no mistakes are made. The bareheaded girl in a white dress is full of business. She wastes no time on empty words. The trainmen respect her. She does everything about the station but handle the baggage. There are plenty of stout Mexicans of the other sex hanging about for that work.

Concha Bianca is so well respected by the management of the road that she has been twice promoted, until now she has one of the most important stations under her care. She does all the telegraphing, besides attending to the receiving and shipping of freight. It was her knowledge of telegraphing that got the young woman her first recognition. Her father and two brothers were operators. She learned to use the key. A station was given to her where there was not much to do besides the telegraphing. Her aptitude for railroad work attracted the attention of General Manager Morcom, and the promotion followed. Concha Bianca lives in the station. Her mother keeps house for her, and a younger sister sits at the telegraph table learning the vocation of the new woman in Mexico. The conductors have got in the way of pointing out to travelers Senorita Concha along with the ruins of the ancient city on the mountain top, the site where the battle of Tehuacan was fought, the hieroglyphics on the cliff at the entrance to Rio Salada canyon and other objects of interest.—Chicago Chronicle.

Chinese Royalty. The present emperor of China is Huang Hsu, who succeeded to the throne Jan. 12, 1875. He was one of the youngest monarchs who ever ascended the throne, being at the date of accession only 3 years old. There have been 22 dynasties in China, the royal history of this country being better ascertained than that of any other which reaches back to ancient times. With some few breaks, the Chinese have had a regular succession of sovereigns since Fuhhi, who, the Chinese say, reigned from B. C. 2852 to 2737. According to Chinese tradition, Fuhhi was no less a personage than the Noah of the Scriptures, who, after leaving his ark on Mount Ararat, traveled east and founded the Chinese empire. Chinese history asserts that he lived for over a century, and reigned over China for 115 years, another for 102, another for 100, and so on. It is considered probable by historians that these figures represent rather dynasties than the reigns of individual sovereigns. China has had in almost direct descent, with no more than two or three breaks in the history of the royal family, 33 sovereigns, 92 emperors, 2 Tartar rulers, 6 Mogul emperors and 3 empresses.

The Old Man's Decision. "I dunno what to do with him," said the old gentleman. "He won't work, he won't study, spends half the day fishing and the other half loafing, smashes the crockery ware if the breakfast don't suit him and walks and talks in his sleep. I've had seven doctors to examine him, and they're all at sea about him. So I've just arrived at the conclusion that he's one of these darned long haired geniuses that's built to write books and have comments on the installment plan when they die of starvation!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters, cleanses and renovates the blood (or blood) and health fully stimulates every bodily function. Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 4228 Regent St., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, 1910.

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No, Thanks. Host (about to slug)—Would you like the "Barber of Seville?" Absent-Minded Guest—No, thanks; I always shave myself.—Exchange.

A Chinaman of Walla Walla, Wash., answers to the name of "Shoo Fly."

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